

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

APRIL
No. 48

COMICS 10¢

BLACKHAWK

BATTLES

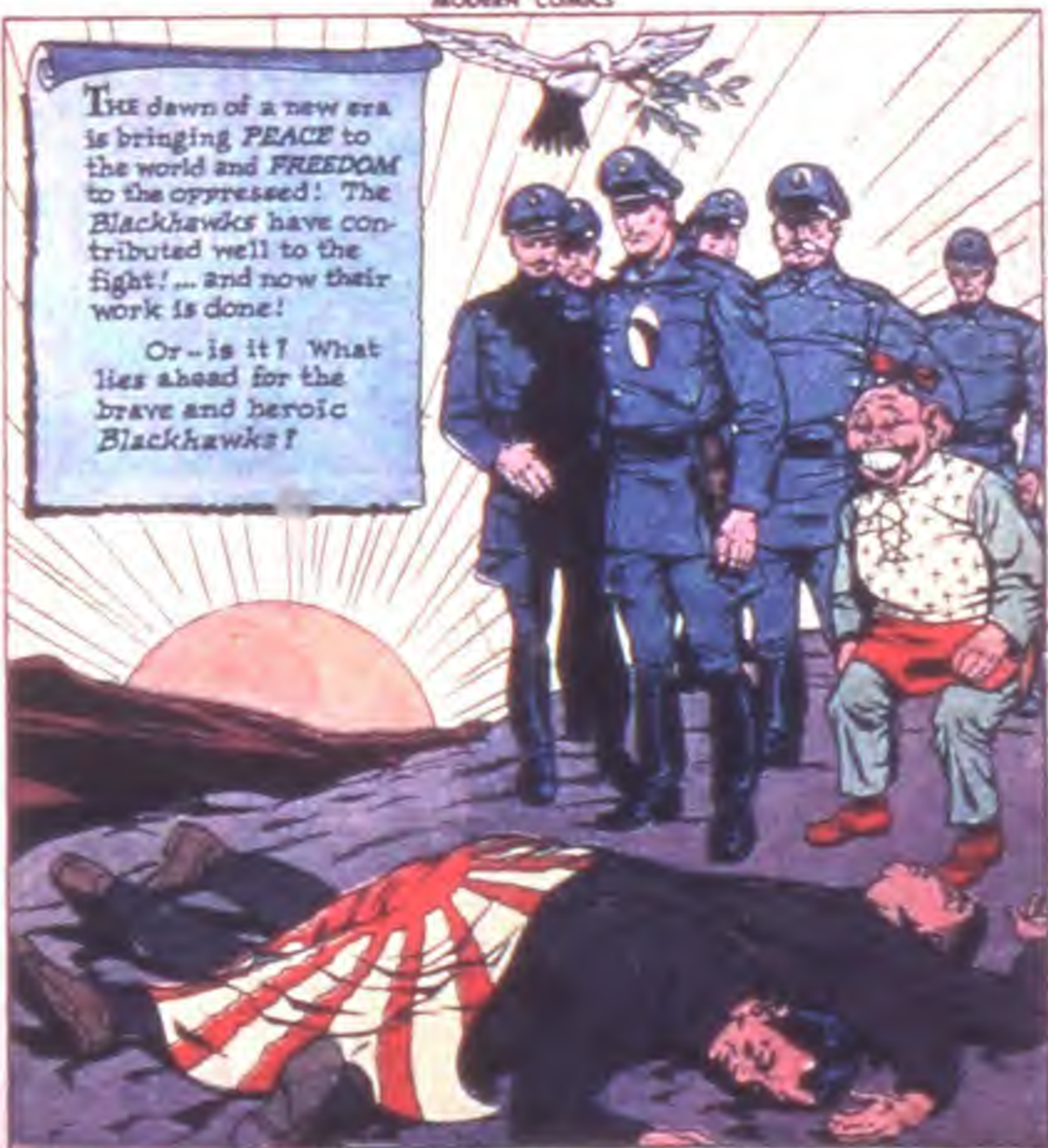
The Pirates of Peroo!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

THE dawn of a new era is bringing *PEACE* to the world and *FREEDOM* to the oppressed! The *Blackhawks* have contributed well to the fight! ... and now their work is done!

Or—is it? What lies ahead for the brave and heroic *Blackhawks*?



BLACKHAWK























BLACK MAWK HIMSELF!







—A COURT OF MARITIME LAW! FOR YOU'VE BEEN GUILTY OF PIRACY AND FILIBUSTERING!

THIS LITTLE ADVENTURE WILL GET AROUND! YOU'LL NOT HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM BADPERS! WORK THAT TIN MINE FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT!

WE THANK YOU WITH ALL OUR HEARTS!



And so the raiders of Perro Island were brought to justice, and when the BLACKBANDS returned to their own lair...



WELL, GANG, WHAT DO YOU SAY? — WE DON'T SPLIT UP AFTER ALL!

NO, BY YUPITER! WE CAN STICK TOGETHER FOR MORE EXCITEMENT!



WE CAME TOGETHER FOR WAR — WELL, NOW WE'LL STICK TOGETHER FOR PEACE AND THE DEFEAT OF ALL EVIL AND INJUSTICE!

YAY! YAY!



GOING TO LEAD US IN THE SONG, ANDRE?

MAIS OUI — A NEW VERSE WHICH I HAVE COMPOSED IN THE VERY MOMENT!



TO SING OF WAR OF PEACE ADVENTURES DEFEAT CRIME — YOUR BLACKBANDS!



CHOO CHOO



WHO KNOWS — I MAY JUST THIS MINUTE MEET SOMEONE WHO WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE IN —

MR. DE MILLE, IS IT TRUE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AN UNKNOWN ACTRESS TO STAR IN "MISSING WOMAN OF DEEP CANYON"?

HUN?

OH GOSH, TO RECOGNIZE MR. DE MILLE ANYWHERE! HE'S SO DASHING AND HANDSOME!



THIS IS A CORY STUNT, BUT IT MAY REAP A HARVEST!



MISS, I BELIEVE YOU DROPPED THIS!



I WONDER IF —

OH! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

OHOO OHOO, YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF FOR BEING SO RUDE!

I'LL NEVER MEET ANYONE IMPORTANT WITH CREEPS LIKE THAT HORNING IN!











WELL! NOW
WE'VE GOT THE
WHOLE
GANG!

OFFICER, I'M MR. DEVILLE!
THOSE GIRLS ARE INNOCENT!
I SAW THE WHOLE THING!
I'M THE ONE WHO CALLED
TO TIP YOU OFF!



GOSH! HE
IS MR.
DEVILLE!

THOSE CROOKS WERE
USING THIS GIRL AS A GOAT!
THEY INTENDED KEEPING
THE REAL NECKLACE AND
COLLECTING INSURANCE
BESIDES, WHILE SHE
TOOK THE RAP!



OH, THANK YOU,
MR. DEVILLE! I
HOPE WE'LL SEE
YOU AGAIN!

HUH? UH—OH, YES!
YOU'VE MADE A GREAT
IMPRESSION ON ME!



IN FACT, I THINK I'LL
LET YOU PLAY OPPOSITE
DUMFRIES GOCART IN
"MISSING WOMAN OF
DEEP CANYON"!

YES! OH,
MR. DEVILLE—
YOU MEAN—I



OF COURSE, YOU PLAY ON THE OPPOSITE
SIDE OF THE CANYON AND ARE MISSING ALL
THROUGH THE PICTURE! GOODBYE,
NOW!

BUT—BUT—



OH, GOSH, I
WONDER IF HE
REALLY WILL
GIVE ME A
PART?

YOU CAN FIND OUT
TOMORROW! COME
ON! IT'S GETTING
LATE!



DEATH PATROL

by
AL
STAHLA-AN
I-ICE-
BERG!B-BLOCKING
THE HARBOR?I TOLD THE SHORE
PATROL THAT WE COULD
GET RID OF IT!
OKAY, FELLOWS!

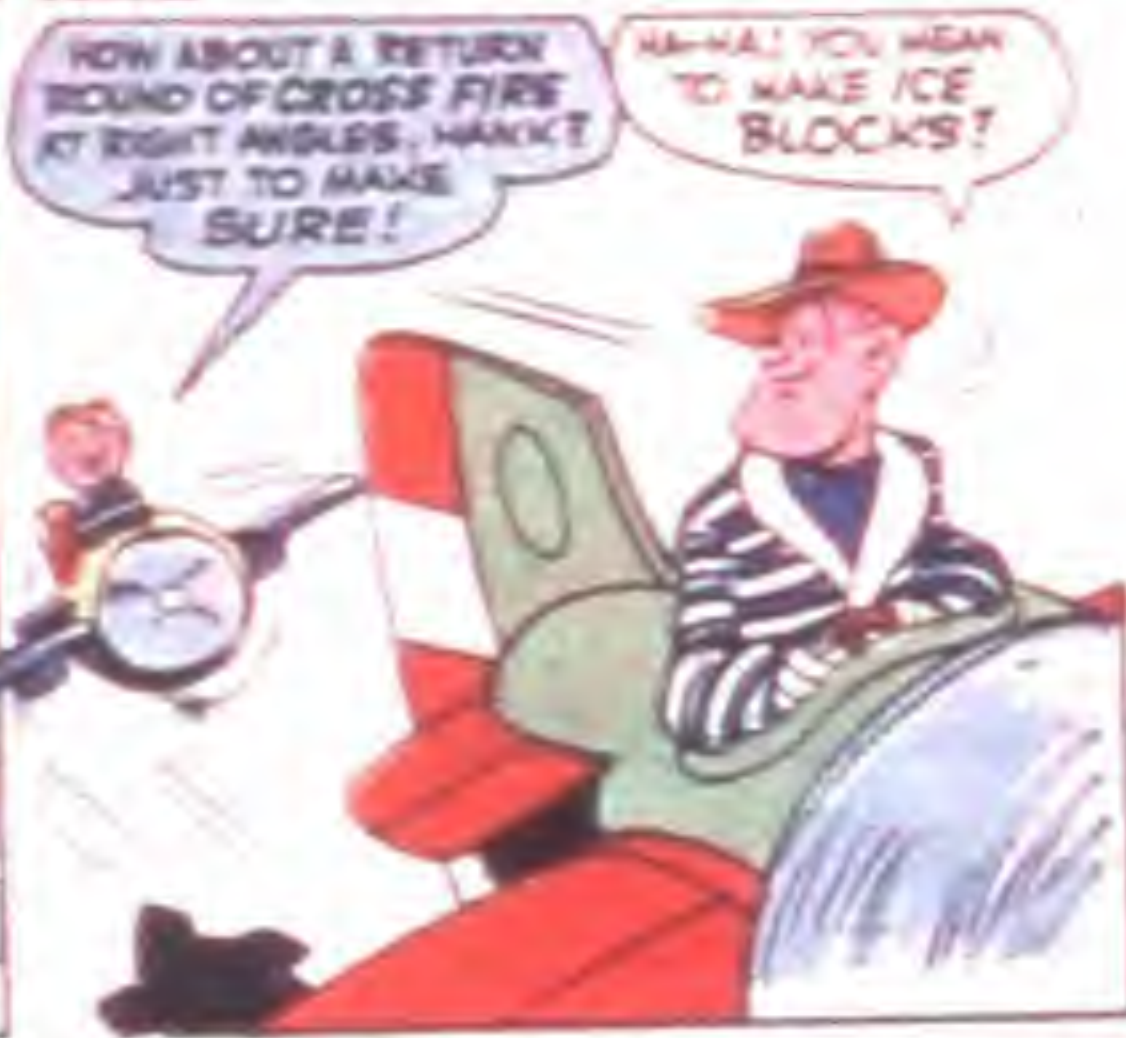
WOW!



OH, IT'S PROBABLY NINE STORIES HIGH OR—ER—MAYBE TWO MILES! ANYWAY—KINDA LARGE!







JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



Private DOGTAG

by AC STALL





DO YOU THINK OF THE IMPRESSION
THESE BALLY GANGS COULD MAKE
WITH THESE TOMMY
GUNS, SIR!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT!
GIVING DOSTAG THIS
ASSIGNMENT IS A DISPERATE
NEASURE - BUT A GREAT
GENERAL ONCE SAID:
"IN BATTLE, MAKE
THE MOST OF WHAT
YOU'VE GOT!"

DOSTAG, THIS IS
AN IMPORTANT
ASSIGNMENT!
YOU MAY BE
CALLED UPON
TO GIVE YOUR
VERY LIFE!

DON'T WORRY,
SARGE! I WON'T
LET THOSE
INDIANS SCALP
ME!

NO, YOU DINKIT! THE
INDIANS ARE YOUR FRIENDS!
YOU'RE GOING TO PROTECT
THEM, NOT FIGHT
THEM!

NO WOOT! THAT'S
NOT THE WAY IT IS
IN THE STORIES
I READ! BUT
ORDERS ARE
ORDERS!

YOU CAN
COUNT ON
ME!

POOR
INDIANS!

THIS IS IT!
GUESS I'D BETTER
LOOK UP THE CHIEF
FIRST!

HEY! UGH!
HE LOOKS BIG
CHIEF! SHINY!
UGH!

COME
AGAIN,
JOE!

UGH! HE
BIG CHIEF!
HE WANT!

WELL, I'M MY BROWN!
IF I EVER HEARD
SUCH WEIRD
LANGUAGE IN
MY LIFE! ... SAY,
WHAT PART OF THE
WORLD DO YOU
HAIL FROM,
ANYWAY?









HELP! ...
FLUTTER! ...
WAA! ... WHAT
HAPPENED?



GUNS! WH... WHY...
THESE MUST BE THE GANGSTERS!
I'VE GOT TO PROTECT THE
INDIANS FROM THEM!



OH NO, YOU DON'T! YOU
DON'T TALK ME OUT OF DOING
MY DUTY! I'M HERE TO
PROTECT THESE INDIANS
WITH MY LIFE!



WUH?

STAND BACK, YOU
PHONY COPS! ... TRYING
TO ARREST PEACEFUL
LAW-ABIDING
INDIANS!

WUH?



START
SHOOTIN'! THIS
IS OUR
CHANCE!



HEY, DON'T DO
THAT! SOMEBODY
MIGHT GET
HURT!

ZING
ZING

BANG!
BANG!



BUZZ! USE THE G.I. FOR COVER AND MAKE FOR
THE BASEMENT! I'LL
MEET YOU THERE WITH
THE WALL SAFE IN A
FEW MINUTES!

OKAY!

BANG!

WHIF! WHEN I TRY TO HELP
YOU, THIS IS THE TREATMENT
I GET?



JUST CATCH
THOSE BULLETS
IF THEY COME
THIS WAY!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT YOU INDIANS
DON'T WANT MY HELP! ARE YOU SURE
YOU'RE STANDING GOAT?



GET
MOVIN',
BUD!

GULP! TWO
STANDING
GOATS!



I AM STANDING
GOAT, SIR! THIS
MAN IS AN
IMPERTINENT
IMPOSTER!

NOW DON'T
ARGUE, FELLOWS!
GULP!

UGH! NO! THE
STANDING GOAT!
HIM NOT EVEN
SPEAK INDIAN!
UGH! UGH!



HURRY, SKELLY! LET'S GRAB THE
WALL SAFE AND BEAT IT! THE COPS
ARE HOT ON
OUR TAILS!
UGH!



MMM! ONE OF 'EM
MUST BE A FAKE...
BUT WHICH ONE?
— I THINK I
KNOW!



MAKE FOR THE CELLAR
DOOR WHILE I KEEP
HIM COVERED!

OKAY!



LONG, SOLDIER! BY THE WAY, I'M NOT
STANDING GOAT! HA! HA! HA!

YOU GOING
PERMIT THEM
ESCAPE, SIR?

ONLY FOR A
MOMENT, CHIEF!
LIE ON YOUR
BACK AND I'LL
TRAP THEM!

ACCORDING TO ARMY COMBAT REGULATIONS --
SECTION 3B -- ALWAYS APPROACH THE ENEMY
FROM THE REAR -- PARTICULARLY WHEN
YOU'RE OUT-NUMBERED!

HOLD TIGHT,
CHIEF!

I'M NOT IN
FAVOR OF THIS METHOD,
SIR, BUT YOU'VE
GOT ME!

SECTION 3C -- THEN ZOOM
AFTER THE ENEMY -- NO
HOLDS BARRED!

SURRENDER!

LING!

...back at the army post...

YES, SIR,
CAPTAIN! THIS
DILLY GUY TRIED
TO IMPERSONATE
STANDING GOAT!

TELL ME, HOW
DID YOU KNOW
WHICH ONE WAS
THE CROOK?

IT WAS EASY, SIR...
AFTER LISTENING TO
BOTH OF THEM TALK,
I PICKED OUT THE
REAL CHIEF!

THE AMERICAN INDIANS, THOSE
DILLY SPEAK GOOD ENOUGH! ...
HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE PURE
OF YOUR PEACE PIPE,
CHIEF?

LIGHT!

LIVING DEAD

YOU don't know Black Haiti. Not unless you have spent plenty of time there, and with your eyes and ears wide open. No, simply reading Seabrook will not give you everything. You have to live there to know the people and the mysteries of that strange country.

I live there. I know Black Haiti. I know the terrible rites and practices that are conducted there in the darkness of the steaming jungle. I have been a part of them. I've even been a potential sacrifice on the altar of the Living Dead.

Shall I tell you about the Black Prince? Satan has nothing on him. He is said to have an army of dead men who go into battle against his enemies, bringing death and destruction—yet knowing nothing of what they do, being utterly dead themselves!

The Black Prince is a sort of legend in many parts of Haiti, but don't think he is a myth. Ah no! He actually lives, there in a remote fastness of southeastern Haiti, with his dead retainers and his dead army, and his court of death.

The beginning of this story goes back nine years when I was doing some research for the Lathrop Foundation. My party consisted of a half dozen men, all of them previously acquainted with the sort of thing we thought we'd run into — having the Black Prince!

We had trudged eastward, ever eastward, for a week. The rains had stopped a day before we reached the ancient fort of D'Araguon, named for an old character in a French novel. Naturally, that language is spoken on the island by the natives, or rather, a garbled version of it. Several of us knew the dialects, and so could converse with the natives.

Fort D'Araguon is a ruin today, with but the north bastion of the magazine still standing. It is a sort of architectural gem squatting in the jungle, overgrown with creepers and brambles. We killed a *fox de lance* not ten minutes after stepping over the rubble of the outer court. It was a big one, for that species of terrible Deadly.

You get that idea all through Haiti—deadly. You unconsciously begin watching the dark shadows, looking over your shoulder, listening to the creepy sounds of nighttime. Even daytime.

We met His Majesty, the Black Prince, that night. He simply appeared suddenly at the campfire, seemingly out of nowhere. He grinned satanically and made us a low bow. He spoke excellent French.

"Welcome to Haiti, my son," said he. "This is indeed a pleasure. I myself shall conduct you to my palace."

That was all. Just that. No preamble. And I swear the next mo-

ment the Black Prince was not there.

But he was again with us the next morning, just after sunrise. And then we were under way. We felt it best to accede to his demands, knowing full well that we were taking a chance with the racial.

I'll skip some of the details. We were royally treated at the palace of the Black Prince. It seemed he was waiting for something—what, we knew not. We ate and drank and the Prince's zombie slaves waited on us.

The Black Prince's palace is built on a bend of the great river. One day a long, racy speedboat docked at his private wharf and soon began unloading boxes marked with a New York importing house stamp. I naturally wondered what they contained. But we were not to find out for some time.

At this point our story takes a new tack. One morning I wandered far afield, stopping at last at a small shack where an old man and woman sat smoking their pipes. They were friendly, though wary. I asked. I asked them some questions. They hedged. Then it came out that since I was staying at the palace of the Black Prince they were frightened of me.

"Why?" I asked.

The old man puffed on his pipe. "It is said that the Prince makes the dead walk again and do his bidding."

I laughed. "But that is certainly not true. No one can do that!"

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "You do not know because you are white. We know. The Prince does these things. Our own sons and daughters have disappeared from time to time. Now the Prince runs short of people. He wants to strengthen his armies and his slaves. He needs to kill, kill—bring to life many people who will then do his bidding."

I had heard of zombies. I never saw any credence in the tales. Such things simply didn't occur. And yet—

"You shall see," prophesied the old man. And I took my leave.

I wish now I had talked longer with the old native!

For the next two days nothing of importance happened. Our planning that a lot of pictures and several of us were busy on notes. The reports abounded in the sort of thing we sought.

Then a stranger appeared at the Black Prince's palace. He was a French official from Port-au-Prince. He brought strange news: Many children were dying mysteriously in a certain area some miles from the Black Prince's area. No one had been able to diagnose the cause of their deaths. They would be found in various places, sometimes at play, sometimes while sleeping on their straw pallets.

The funerals would take place, and then, strangely of all, their bodies would disappear. What was killing them, and where went their dead bodies?

I was present when the official interrogated the Black Prince. The

latter was the last word in sleek manners. He knew nothing. How should he? But I could see that the official was not satisfied. He took his departure, with the Prince's assurance that he would keep an eye open.

Davis, one of our own men, made the discovery. He had gone out early one morning and came upon a hidden clearing in the jungle several miles from the Prince's palace. There he told of seeing things that made my hair stand on end. He had seen, he assured me, about fifty children around the age of eight to ten, marching and practicing with field tools, all without a sound from their leader. Their eyes were open, Davis told me, but they said no word; neither did their leader. And it seemed to him that they were like sleep walkers being directed by a mind not their own.

"Zombies!" declared Davis. "I tell you they are walking dead!"

It was pretty hard to swallow, but the next morning I sneaked away with him and had a look for myself. Davis was right. The ranks of the juveniles had been swelled by a score more victims. They practiced with the hoe and rake and various other tools. They worked exactly like robots.

"Gad!" I exclaimed. "It is true, Davis. They are zombies! We've got to report this to the officials."

We didn't get away for two days, and I knew that every hour those evil tasks were being replenished.

The Black Prince wanted to remove us up the river, but we politely turned him down. We could manage. We had what we wanted. We were very grateful, but now

we must be on our way back to the States.

It was two days away from the Prince's palace that we came upon a village where several small girls were playing with dolls. One of our party happened to pick up one of the dolls. There was nothing spectacular about the plaything. It was a simple rubber doll, hollow, just like those American kids play with. I put it in my pocket. This village had lost several children.

The rest of the story was unraveled at the police station in Port-au-Prince. We went there to clear some of our specimens and ran into a local nut. Our French official was there, with a dozen or so of the rubber dolls. It seemed that he had made a find.

The Black Prince was a cunning chap. He used a lot of labor but cared little about paying them wages. So he had stumbled upon a neat scheme. The boxes we had seen unloaded at his wharf actually contained hundreds of the dolls. These the Prince generously handed out to the village children. But not before he had "killed" them.

An analysis had been made at headquarters. Each of the dolls had been filled with a poisonous gas which, when inhaled, produced a coma like death. Respiration became so low that it was undetectable. The "dead" kids were buried, whereupon the ploy of the Prince would dig them up, revive them partially, and put them to work, keeping them, however, under a constant dose of the drug. They responded to removal of their leader, and death.

That was the last of the Black Prince's lamentable scheme to supply his labor.

WHERE
V' GOING
FISHING...
WESTER?

YOU'VE BEEN
THERE... YOU CAUGHT
MORE FISH THAN I DID...
THE FISH WERE BIGGER
... AND YOU COULD
MAKE A MONKEY
OUT OF ME HANDLING
A ROD! PHOOEY!

WILL B RAGG

5
The
Gibson

















EZRA



EZRA,
WAIT!



GULP!





THAT CREEP EZRA IS UP TO NO GOOD! HOW COULD A CHUMP LIKE HIM BE WITH SUCH A GLAMOR GIRL?



LEER

GET A LOAD OF THE NEW NUMBER WITH EZRA!

SHE'S SLICK! SHE MUST BE AT LEAST TWENTY-ONE!

YEAH, AND HER NAME IS SANDRA! HMMMM!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE PITCH IS, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT—AND SOON!



AH! KNUCKLEHEAD'S PAL, LITTLE ROLLO! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



I'LL JUST WRITE A NOTE AND—BOY—

THIS SHOULD BE GOOD!

SINGAR 104
MALYED 104
ROCK BARE 104













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